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DEVOTED TO ALL LIVE ISSUES. THE INTERESTS OF SOUTH ERN OREGON ALWAYS FOREMOST.

The Development of our Mines, the Improvement of our harbors, and railroad communication with the Interior, specialties.

A Sad Case.

One of the saddest chapters to be found in the history of the late storm of the 9th, is the following taken from the Bee.

But a short time ago Mr. Henry Beckett, with his wife and child, arrived in Oregon from Iowa, and purchased a piece of railroad land near the farm of Ex-Mayor Newbury,

ON SPRINGVILLE MOUNTAINS.

He built a comfortable little cabin and took his family thither, having built it in the timber on account of being convenient to water. Not far from the tall pines which encircled his home, he began the work of clearing a piece of level land which was covered with brush, about a quarter of a mile from the house. At noontime his wife would carry his lunch to him, taking the little child with her. On Friday, the wind began to moan through the trees about noon, the sky grew dark, and clouds swept by, bending the tall pines like waving plumes. Each minute it increased in fierceness until the whole air seemed to howl and roar and the forest lashed together in fury. The poor half-crazed woman was certain her husband would come home, and waited, each moment seeming an age. About 1 o'clock she became desperate, and taking her babe in her breast, she went forth into the tempest. She had gone not more than a dozen yards when, with a tremendous crash, an uprooted tree fell across the house, crushing it to the ground. In its descent the monarch of the forest tore the limbs from the adjoining trees, hurling them to the ground like hail. One of the limbs struck the baby from her arms and dashed it to death at her very feet.

WITH A WILD SHRIEK

That rose above the howling tornado and roar of falling timber, she tore the limb from off the mangled body of her darling and screaming as if her heart would rend asunder, ran down the mountain side with the speed of the wind in the direction of where her husband had been working. She leaped the fallen trees in her path like a deer, until, as she sprang over one, a heart-rending moan fell upon her ear. She turned and looked only for a second, and then, with a low, tremulous wail, sank to the ground beside her dead babe and almost dying husband. When the storm broke in its fury, he had started for home in great haste, paying no attention to the surrounding danger, and was

FINISHED TO THE EARTH

By a falling tree. In this condition they were found by our informant, James Ford, a neighbor, who was coming to see how they had fared, it being now 2:30 o'clock when he came upon them. By superhuman efforts he released Mr. Beckett, whose leg was broken and arm dislocated and crushed, and after making them as comfortable as possible, and partially reviving the poor woman, he hastened home for assistance, and carried them gently to a friendly shelter, where kind hearts, words and deeds, soon made them as comfortable as possible. A physician attended the husband and wife, while an undertaker prepared the little one for its last resting place.

White Africans.

Major Pinto, the Portuguese explorer who has just crossed Africa, from Benguela south-westward to Natal, describes a race of white men found by him near the headquarters of the Zambesi. He says:—I one day noticed that one of the carriers was a white man. He belonged to a race unknown up to the present day. A great many white people exist in South Africa. Their name is Casse-que; they are whiter than the Caucasians and in place of hair have their heads covered with tufts of very short wool. Their cheek-bones are prominent, their eyes like those of Chinese. The men are extremely robust. When they discharge an arrow at an elephant the shaft is completely buried in the animal's body. They live on roots and the chase, and it is only when these supplies fail them that they hold any relations with the neighboring race, the Ambueles, from whom they obtain food in exchange for ivory. The Cassequeers are an entirely nomadic race, and never sleep two nights in the same encampment. They are the only people in Africa that do not cook their food in pots.

In Iowa the second wife of a man who was about to be hanged was supplicating for his life while he was being led to see the picture of his first wife.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

Of Oregon's Southern Coast. NUMBER IV.

A Night of pleasure and a Morning of Horror

On the night of the 22d of February, 1856, the residents at the mouth of Rogue river and vicinity, filled with that patriotic sentiment which everywhere inspires true American hearts, assembled to celebrate, in suitable festivities, the Anniversary of the birth of the "Father of His Country." The hotel kept by Warwick and Coburn was a scene of life and pleasure; the miners of the beach had laid aside their implements of labor, donned their holiday costumes, and with their wives and sweethearts had met the stockraisers and the members of their households in a social dance. Though the occasion was not distinguished by that elegance of style which wealth and refinement tend to similar assemblages which met in more favored localities that night, true womanly beauty and virtue were there, and manhood as honorable and brave as ever won the smiles of the fair.

Conscious of an impending outbreak by the savages, the men had taken their trusty rifles with them to the party, and so keen was the sense of surrounding danger, that on the slightest noise outside, they seized their weapons and only laid them aside after being satisfied that the time for action had not yet arrived. There was present an Indian spectator, watching with more than ordinary interest every movement of the settlers, and he being no less closely observed by them. Shortly after midnight another Indian came and after an interview the two departed, making an excuse that one of the papooses was sick. It was afterwards ascertained that the spectator was a spy, and seeing that the settlers were fully armed and on the alert, he worked to death which was intended to be commenced at midnight, by the Indians assembled near, was postponed till morning. The dance passed off without alarm, and toward daylight those present dispersed for their homes. Among others, Mr. Riley, who had been at the party, and having taken his young wife and child to their home he started about daylight up the river to serve a subpoena on a witness for a suit then pending before Esq. Seth Blake, Justice of the Peace. As they neared the place known as the Toootna Ranch, a short distance up the river, the report of fire arms and the yells of the exulting savages, as they progressed in the work of death, burst upon his ears. The Indians had attacked the volunteers stationed there, and their superior numbers assured them an easy conquest. He hastily turned the bow of his boat down stream and pulled rapidly homeward, expecting, when he returned the bend in the river, to be greeted by the sight of the burning houses of the settlers below. He was filled with forebodings as to the safety of his wife and child. But the stroke had not yet fallen: there was yet room for hope. The alarm was quietly given, but rapidly circulated, and in a short time all who a few hours before were whirling in the "dizzy mazes of the dance" were hurrying in terror to seek shelter in the fort, which had before been prepared on the north side of the river. They reached the fort in safety, and took measures to place the structure on a footing of defense.

Many of the miners hurriedly buried their amalgam and the supply of quicksilver, which they had on hand, and abandoned everything of less value. Some of these men never returned to their claim, being killed during the siege to which the fort was subjected, and supplies there buried have occasionally been found by miners on the beach. It should be born in mind that in those days it required about eighty pounds of quicksilver to properly charge a machine for beach mining, and supplies of this character were expensive. It is probable that gold dust was there buried by miners who never lived to uncover it, and like the fabulous deposits of Captain Kidd, it remains to this day undiscovered.

When Warwick and Coburn left their hotel to enter the fort they were compelled to leave a quantity of pies and other delicacies, the remains of the festival of the previous night. Knowing that the greedy savages would soon be feasting upon these provisions, they removed the crust of the pies and seasoned them with strichnine. The Indians came and eagerly devoured the "Skookum Muck-nuce," but the quantity of poison taken into their stomachs was so great,

that it caused immediate vomiting, and thus avoided its deadly effect. The siege of the fort and the massacre of part of its occupants will form the subject of another sketch.

Bodily Mixed!

"I have a warrant for your arrest," said a Colorado officer to a man lately arrived from Utah.

"For what?"

"You have been running away with your aunt."

"My aunt? Why, she's my wife!"

"But wasn't she your aunt before she became your wife? You see we don't tolerate this kind of going on in Colorado!"

"I suppose you never were in Utah?" remarked the young man after he had completed his survey of the detective.

"No."

"Well, as you don't understand the relations of aunt and nephew in that territory, I suppose I ought to explain it to you and then, perhaps, you may understand your duty plainer."

"My father married my mother."

"I suppose so."

"Then he married her sister," continued the stranger, not heeding the interruption. "Then he married the sister of his brother-in-law; then the daughter of his uncle, who was a cousin to his two first wives; then he married her sister, who was a widow of one of his first wives' husbands; then he married her daughter, and a son of his wife married my sister, who was also the widow of one of the other wives' sons. I suppose you are following me!" interjected the narrator.

"Marry your aunt, or your grandmother, either, or both of them!"

"And you won't arrest me?"

"No; you might be your own father."

Labor Troubles in the British Isles.

The following dispatches relate to the condition of the laboring classes in England and Ireland:

LONDON, Jan. 8.—A great land agitation meeting was held yesterday at Riverstown, on the borders of Sligo, Ireland. Ten thousand of the peasantry were present. At a meeting to-day of the Dublin Mansion House Committee, for the relief of distressed Ireland, it was announced that the fund now amounts to £2800. It was resolved to send a telegram to the Mayor of Melbourne, and the Mayor of principal towns in Ireland and Scotland, and a number of cities and towns in America, making an urgent appeal for help.

DUBLIN, Jan. 7.—The Irish rent agitation has entered upon a new phase and has extended from rural to urban localities. The movement is to agitate for the remission or reduction of rents on the part of the poor, and householders and tenants in Dublin and other large towns.

LONDON, Jan. 8.—A large meeting of unemployed workmen of London was held at Islington to-day. A resolution was carried, urging the authorities to provide them with temporary employment.

How Will You Feel?

Rev. Plato Johnson, (colored) puts the following to his congregation: How'll you feel, white man, when you fin' yo'self 'mongst a big crowd of onary folks way up in de family circle, while some poor darkey, who did your cho's like an honest man, is 'ducted by de hebbently ushers to an orchestra seat, right down clus to de music? An' how'll you feel, brudder, when dose angels say to you, "Tain't no matter what color you be, your name's ben called; an' we's d'rected to show you a seat on de platform?" Yer ole black face 'll shine like de moon, an' you'll feel like strikin out wid a double shuffle right on de golden pavement. Member all ob you, dat it ain't de pocketbook, nor de color, but de shape ob de soul, wot gibs you a right to a front seat up yander."

The statue of Gen. Thomas, recently unveiled at Washington stands 15 feet high from the base to head of rider, and 15 feet in length from nose to tail of horse. The weight of the horse and rider is 5,200 pounds, and of the base 2,200 pounds. The cost of the statue was \$40,000, which will be paid by the Army of the Cumberland, and the granite pedestal upon which it will rest was furnished by the United States Government at a cost of \$20,000.

A former U. S. Senator, now a vagrant and drunkard, works in the chain gang on the streets of Leadville.

Sent Houston's Duel.

Simpson county, though peaceful enough in these latter days, was in its earlier history the scene of rencounters that have passed into history. Within its borders, or adjacent thereto, the hot-blooded Tennesseans were wont to settle their affairs of honor, and the crack of the duellist's pistol not unfrequently resounded in its quiet forests. Near Adairville, in the edge of Logan county, Gen. Jackson fought Dickerson for the honor of the woman he loved, and stood like a statue after being struck by his antagonist's shot. It was on this occasion that he proved his iron will by telling his second that "had he been shot through the heart he would have lived long enough to kill his antagonist."

Six miles south of Franklin, off the farm of H. J. Duncan, two hundred yards from the Tennessee line, was fought a duel which created widespread excitement throughout the Union, owing to the reputation of the principals. In 1836 Gen. Sam Houston was a member of Congress from the Nashville district, in Tennessee, and sending home for distribution among his constituents a number of public documents, he claimed that Curry, the postmaster at Nashville, had suppressed and failed to deliver them, and denounced him as a scoundrel. Curry sent him a challenge by General White. Houston refused to receive the message, as he stated, "from such a contemptible source," throwing it on the ground and stamping on it. General White said he was not surprised, as no one expected Houston to fight. To this Houston retorted, "Do you try me." Of course a challenge followed from White, which Houston promptly accepted. The terms and conditions were: "Fifteen feet distance; holster pistols; time, sunrise." The place chosen as stated, was in Simpson county. On the 23d day of September, 1836, the parties met at the designated point with their seconds. The fact that a duel was to be fought had gone abroad, and a number of persons had secreted themselves near the field to witness the affair, a fact unknown to either principals or seconds. After the first shots had been exchanged and White had fallen to the ground the people rushed to the spot. Houston seeing them and fearing an arrest, started toward the State line with a view of crossing and escaping. General White called to him, "General, you have killed me." Houston then faced the crowd with pistol still in hand, and inquiring if there were any officers of the law among them, and being answered in the negative, he advanced to the side of his late antagonist and kneeling by him took his hand, saying "I am very sorry for you; but you know it was forced upon me." Gen. White replied, "I know it, and forgive you." White had been shot through just above the hips, and the surgeons to cleanse the wound of blood took one of those old-fashioned silk neckerchiefs and passed it through the wound. Gen. White recovered from his fearful wound, as much to the joy of Houston as to himself.

During the week preceding the duel General Houston remained at the house of Sanford Duncan, near the field, practicing meanwhile with pistols. At his temporary home were two belligerent young dogs, named for their pugnacious disposition, Andrew Jackson and Thomas H. Benton. These were continually fighting. Houston's political sentiments leading him to espouse the cause of the Jackson pup, who, very much to his delight, was a constant winner in the frays. The hour for arising and preparing for the duel on the arrival of the day was 3:40 A. M. Just before the hour, "Gen. Jackson" barked beneath the window of his admirer's room, awakening him. Houston arose without disturbing his attending friends, and began the task of moulid bullets with which to fight Gen. White. As the first bullet fell from the mould, a game cock which he admired scarcely less than he did the dog, crowed a loud, clear note. Houston, with that element of superstition which finds a place in nearly every mind, accepted the early greeting of his friends as happy omens, and marking the bullet on one side for the dog, and the other for the chicken, made up his mind that his pistol should be loaded with it, and that he would first fire that particular ball at General White. He afterward said that he was not superstitious, but these two circumstances made him feel assured of success, thus disapproving his own words. The bullet was used and White fell at the first fire, as stated. After the duel Houston selected as a coat-of-arms "a chicken cock and dog,"

and many were the comments made by those unfamiliar with the facts in after years, when, as President of Texas and Senator in Congress, he sported so strange a crest. These facts are authentic, having been related by Gen. Houston to Sanford Duncan, Jr., late of Louisville, while the two were en route to Washington City during Houston's term as Senator.—Bowling Green Intelligencer.

From Chandler's Last Speech.

Hon. Zach. Chandler delivered the speech of which the following is an extract, on the evening of October 31, and on the following morning was found dead. We commend it, not only as the last public utterance of a man distinguished by his ability and public services, but also as a just exposition of the character and claims of the Democracy of to-day:

"But my friends, there is another question which is of vital importance to every man, woman, and child in America—everyone—and that is the question of the enormous rebel claims presented against your government. I hold in my hands a list of the claims now before the two houses of Congress for cotton, for quarter-master's stores for every conceivable injury that war can inflict. Even my old friend Logan has gotten up more claims than you can shake a stick at for the fence rails that his boys burned up. I have claims before me amounting to two thousand millions of dollars against this government.—2,000,000,000. I repeat, and the only thing to-day—the Senate and House both being under the control of these Southern rebels—the only protection, the only barrier between the Treasury of the United States and these rebel claims, is the Presidential veto. But these claims are not all. There are claims innumerable which they dare not present. You may go through the South, and in every State in the South, some...here hidden away you will find claims for every slave that was liberated. On the files of Senate and House you will find demands of untold millions of dollars for the improvement of streams, that do not exist—where you would have to pump the water to get up a stream at all.

But perhaps you may say I am overstating this idea of claims, and for fear you will say so and think so, I will read you a petition which is now circulating through the South, and which has already been largely circulated through the North; and received thousands and tens of thousands of signatures. This petition demanded the passage of a law by which all citizens might be paid for all the property destroyed in the late war between the States "in bonds bearing 3 per cent. per annum, maturing in the next 100 years." "This means," continued the orator, "that you shall do for the South precisely as you do for your own soldiers; but I have not reached the meat in the coconut." "And we also petition," the document continues, "that all soldiers, or other legal representatives of both armies be paid in bonds or public lands for lost time, lost limbs and lost lives, while engaged in the late unfortunate civil contest." "That soldiers be paid for their lost time while fighting to overthrow your government. Ah! my fellow citizens, they are in sober, serious, downright earnest. They have captured both houses of Congress, and as I stated a while ago, the only possible barrier to their pretensions is the Presidential veto. There is not a man before me but has a personal and direct interest in seeing that the rebels do not capture the last of the machinery of the government.

These rebel States are solid; they are solid for repudiating your debt; they are solid for paying those rebel claims; they have repudiated their individual debts through the bankruptcy law; they have repudiated their State debts by scaling, and then refusing to pay interest on their scaling. They have repudiated their cities and towns and villages; do you think they are more anxious to pay the debt contracted for their subjugation than they are to pay their own honest debts? I tell you, no. They mean repudiation, and they don't mean that your debt shall be any more available than their own, and when you trust them you will be making a mistake, and I don't believe you will ever do it again. My fellow citizens, we have a matter under consideration to-night more important than all the financial questions that can be presented to you, and that is, whether or not we are a nation. Our fathers met in convention and framed a constitution, but they found some difficulty in agreeing upon the details of

that constitution, and for a time it was a matter of considerable doubt whether any agreement could be reached. Acrimonious debate took place in that convention, and finally a spirit of compromise prevailed, and the constitution was adopted by the convention and submitted to the people of these United States—not to the States, but to the people of the United States. All the people of the United States adopted the constitution that was framed by the fathers, and for many long years the whole people of the United States believed that they had a government. We continued in that belief until under President Jackson South Carolina threatened to raise the standard of revolt. That was in the days of Calhoun. Old General Jackson took his pipe out of his mouth, when told that South Carolina was on the warpath, and said: "If South Carolina commits the first act of treason to this government, by the Eternal, I will hang John C. Calhoun." Every man in America, including Gaihoun, knew that he would do it, and the first overt act of treason was not committed against the government. On the 4th day of March, 1857, treason again raised its head on the floor of Congress, and John Wentworth [turning toward him] was there to hear it. They said then, "Do this or we will destroy your government." One of them was talking to brave old Ben Wade in this strain, when he frightened himself up and said, "Don't delay it on my account." Preparations were made to carry out this treason. Jefferson Davis stepped out of the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce as Secretary of War, into the Senate of the United States, and became Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. Your arms were shipped to Southern States where they had to be used to

TO OVERTHROW YOUR GOVERNMENT.

Your ammunition followed your arms and after that, through an innocent looking clause in a general appropriation bill, which read thus, "That the Secretary of the Treasury may sell such arms as he deems it for the interest of the Government to dispose of," your arsenals all over the United States were opened, your arms sold for a song and shipped in the very boxes they lay in to the South to be used in overthrowing your government. Your navy was scattered wherever the wind blows and sufficient water was found to float your ships, where they could not be used to defend your government. Careful preparation was made for the overthrow of your government, and when Abraham Lincoln took the oath of office as President of the United States you had no army, no navy, no money, no credit, no ammunition, nothing to protect the national life, and yet, with all these discouragements staring us in the face, the Republican party undertook to save your country. We raised your credit, we created navies, raised armies, fought battles, and carried on the war to a successful issue, and finally, when the rebels surrendered at Appomattox they surrendered to the Government. They admitted their heresy to the arbitrament of arms, and had been defeated, and they surrendered to the Government of the United States of America. They made no claims against this Government for they had none. In the very ordinance of secession which they had signed, they pledged their lives, their fortunes, their sacred honor

TO THE OVERTHROW OF THIS GOVERNMENT.

And when they failed to overthrow this Government they lost all that they had pledged. They asked as a boon from the United States that their miserable lives might be spared to them. We have given their lives, told them to take their horses and go home and obey the laws, and raise crops. They had forfeited all their property; every dollar was pledged by their signature. We gave them back their property. We found them without the rights of citizenship; they forfeited their rights, and we restored the rights of citizenship. We took them to our bosoms as brethren, believing that they had repented of their sins. We killed for them the fatted calf and invited them to the feast, and they gravely informed us that they had always disliked that animal, and were not thankful for the invitation. By the laws of war, by the laws of nations, they were bound to pay every dollar of the debt contracted for their subjugation. But we

FORGAVE THEM THAT DEBT.

And to-day you are being taxed heavily to pay the interest on the debt that they then ought to have paid. Such magnanimity as exhibited by this nation to those rebels was never witnessed on earth since God made the earth, and, in my humble judgment, will never be witnessed again. Mistakes were, no doubt, made, errors were committed, and I take my full share for the mistakes and all the errors, for I was there and voted for every proposition. But in my humble judgment my fellow citizens, the greatest mistake, the greatest error that we committed was in not hanging enough of these rebels to make treason forever odious. We expended \$2,000,000,000 and 300,000 precious lives to establish the fact that we were a nation. And this in violation of the law, for the law expressly says that where a race or class are disfranchised they shall not be represented. Upon the floor of the House of Representatives. This is not only a violation of law, but an outrage upon all the loyal men of these United States. It ought not to be: it must not be, and it shall not be.

Twelve members of the Senate—and that is more than their whole majority—occupy their seats upon that floor by fraud and violence; and I am saying no more to you people of Chicago than I have said to those rebel generals there on the floor of Congress. With majorities thus obtained by fraud and violence in both houses—both the Senate and the House—they dare to dictate terms to the loyal men of these United States. With majorities thus obtained, they dare to arraign the loyal men of the nation. And now, my fellow-citizens, somebody has committed a crime; either those men who rose in rebellion against the government committed the greatest crime known to human law, or our brave soldiers who fought to save this government were murderers. One of these two propositions you must accept. Is there a man on the face of the earth who dares to get up and say that our brave soldiers who have bared their bosoms to the bullets of the rebels were not good patriots, deserving well of the country? And now, after twenty years—after an absence from the Senate of four years, after twenty years I go back and take my old seat in the Senate, what do I find? I might close my eyes and leave my ears open to the discussions that are going on daily when that Senate is in session, and believe that I had taken a Rip Van Winkle sleep of twenty years. The same pretensions are rung in my ears from day to day.

THE MEN HAVE CHANGED.

The measures not at all. Twenty years ago they said, "Do this, or we will shoot your Government to death." Now, after twenty years, I go back and find these paroled rebels who have never been released from their paroles of honor to obey the law, saying "Do this, obey our wills, or we will starve your Government to death." Now, if I am to die I would rather be shot to death with musketry than to be starved to death. They are mortally afraid of bayonets at the polls. We offered them a law forbidding any man to go within two miles of the polling places with arms of any description, and they promptly voted it down, for they wanted their Kuklux there. They were afraid, not of Kuklux at the polls, but the soldiers at the polls. Now, in all the Southern States there is less than one soldier to a county, and of course about two-thirds of a musket.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 6.—John M. Carr, a prominent citizen of Rushville, Indiana, committed suicide this morning. He waded into a millrace of a depth of three feet, and then shot himself with a revolver in the right temple.

When a man is young, he spends much time in parting his hair in the middle. When he is old and bald, he wastes much more time in trying to make the ends of his sparse locks meet on the polished crown above.

Persons who wear red flannel underclothing should pull down the blind before retiring. A red glare in the window has often called out the entire Fire Department.

"Is he rich?" asked the tourist. "Yes," replied the sexton, "I guess he is pretty wealthy, at least he never puts more than ten cents into the plate Sunday morning."

ALEXANDER STEPHENS has been selected to make the address of welcome when that obelisk of ours is landed, because he is the only man who was alive when the obelisk was born.

An exchange says: One million salmon eggs were frozen at Clackamas hatchery during the late cold snap. Every effort was made to save them, but without avail.

The experience of using camels in the arid wastes of Arizona and Lower California has met with but little success.